April 16, 1897. – 27 M. – # 9.75 – DeLa Mare.

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT
OF THE
Board of Home Missions and the Woman's Executive Committee of the Presbyterian Church.
156 FIFTH AVENUE, - - - - NEW YORK CITY

HAINES MISSION

IN THE

CHILKAT COUNTRY, ALASKA.

"AND a little child shall lead them." "Can you imagine a *wee* baby could be a *large* factor in a mission force?" That is just what one wee baby was, when a good missionary and his wife took up their abode among the Chilkat people. On their arrival, the little Alaskans flocked to see them attracted by the "snow baby." First they showed their little black-and-red painted faces at the half-open door, but gradually gaining courage they pushed in and watched the entirely new process of washing and combing. In time their interest changed into a willingness to have their little paint-bedaubed faces washed, and their hair combed, and then, when they had gathered about the good woman, seating themselves on the floor

around her, she began to teach them—taught them to sing: "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." And not only was baby's influence felt with the younger ones, but the older members of the tribe who dwelt near, and the strangers who came from the more distant villages, and who entered with questioning and distrustful faces, would depart with frank expressions of friendship—all distrust banished by the sweet innocence of a baby face and the winning ways of a loving child.

Truly, "a little child shall lead them," for under these sweet influences a mission was established, and the work of Christianizing the Chilkat people began.

Haines Mission, so called in honor of the first secretary of the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions, is situated on Portage Bay, a beautiful and safe harbor almost at the head of Chilkat Inlet. There are seven villages in the Chilkat country within a radius of a few miles, and the establishment of a mission *near* them, and yet not in any one of them, was a wise proceeding on the part of these first missionaries, thereby avoiding any antagonism which might have arisen if they had allied themselves with any particular village or people, for each village has its own head or chief, its own medicine man, its own interests, and each is jealous of the other. Concerning the Chilkat people as compared with other tribes in Southeastern Alaska, a missionary thus writes:

Hostility to the missionaries occasionally shows itself, but as a tribe, the Chilkat people are glad to have the missionary dwell among them, and are glad to be taught. In 1893 the converts asked to be organized into a church, and now every Sunday morning services are held at Chilkat, which is situated on a long peninsula, two miles from Haines Mission. The Mission workers think nothing of this two-mile walk, and even when the snow lies deep upon the ground, they don their rubber boots and "stride along right merrily."

The power of the Indian doctor is gradually vanishing; improvement can be seen not only in this, but in the belief of witchcraft as well. It has been an intense and bitter struggle between Christianity and civilization on the one side, and superstition and savagery on the other, but all along the line can be seen that the enemy is gradually giving way.

There have been many additions to the church since its organization, and each year shows a gain, not only in the number in the church, but a gain in the character of the native—in the development of principles, and in an intelligent awakening of desires for things higher and better. The "Home" connected with the Mission shelters and provides for fifteen children. Coming from as many different families, who can estimate the amount of good which these children may do in the future? Fifteen years is not a long time in

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nary thus writes:

"Physically and intellectually—that is, nat
intelligence outside of what is derived from
white man—they are superior to any ot
Thlinget tribe in Southeast Alaska. Their
power is very great—almost appalling. They
diplomats to the finest degree, and doggedn
enters largely into their character. Their pow
of observation are wonderfully developed. Th
are domineering and arrogant, and great stickl
for caste, holding to the ancient beliefs and c
toms more than any other tribe in this section.

"Immorality is rampant among them, and w
the exception of the professional beggars in
Holy Land, they would seem to be the great
beggars on earth. High caste and low cas
young and old, men and women, are all alike
this particular, and will beg anything from a
to a sack of flour. As a race they are very stro
but have not the enduring power of the white ma

Among a people of these characteristics R
Eugene Willard and wife cast their lot in the su
mer of 1881, and in August of that year opene
school in a rude building, built by a trading co
pany, but purchased by the Mission Board
school purposes. Mrs. Willard, in a letter of t
date, thus describes the building. "It is thi
feet long and sixteen wide, built of rough
knotty up-and-down boards, without chimne
there are four small windows, which cannot
opened, and one small door. So frail does

building seem, that I fear it will hardly stand one good winter storm. for it shakes with walking down the steps. The rafters above have been covered with white-washed cheese cloth, which flaps up and down like a sail every time the door is opened, and there are so many holes in the shingles that on a sunshiny day this whited canopy presents the appearance of the starry heavens, so flecked with sunlight is it." Then Mrs. Willard adds: "Perhaps the building will do for a year or two." How much of earnest Christian courage is conveyed in that last sentence. A determination to make everything subordinate to the one aim—that of teaching the Gospel of Christ. For five years these devoted missionaries labored at this point, but the hardships and exposure so told upon their health that they were obliged to return East for a rest; subsequently they returned and took charge of the mission at Juneau.

After Mr. Willard's departure, the mission was closed for a short time, but was re-opened by Mr. and Mrs. White, who remained two years. In 1891, Rev. W. W. Warne and wife re-opened the school, and the work is still being carried on most efficiently.

The growth of the work has demanded more helpers, and two additional workers have joined them—one as teacher and matron in a "Home" now established, the other (a native Alaskan) as teacher and interpreter.

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ch to measure the success of Mission work,
already the first missionaries are seeing the
ts of their seed sowing, for two young Chris
Chilkat women and their husbands are helper
he mission school at Juneau.

The Mission, so faithfully established, needs
ng support, both by prayer and gifts; the work
be enlarged in like proportion, and a blessing
be sure to follow.

Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house,
t there may be meat in my house, and prove
now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I
not open you the windows of heaven and pour
out a blessing that there shall not be room
ugh to receive it."

105—2d Ed. 4-97.

April 16, 1897.—

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Board of Home M
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April 22, 1897.— 17M.— $3.50.— Aird Printing Co.—

CRIPPLE TOM.

Done Up In Seven Rounds.

This beautiful incident of consecration in lowly life teaches us that the most adverse circumstances, coupled with intense suffering, need not interfere with a life of intensest devotion to Jesus Christ.

In one of the deplorably miserable East London homes, in a dark, wretched room at the top of a house, lay a cripple boy. He had lain there for over two years, greatly neglected and comparatively unknown. When quite young his parents had died, leaving him to the mercy of an aged relative, whom he called "Granny."

Born a cripple, he had always been a sufferer; but as long as he was able, he had swept a crossing on his crutches, or gone short errands to earn a few pence. But soon after his parents' death the boy had to take to his bed. Very ungraciously the old woman allowed him to occupy the top room in her house, which room he never left again.

His mother had taught him to read and write, and sometimes, on a snowy night, the lad had crept into the mission hall merely for the sake of getting warm. Numb with cold, and weary in body he took little heed of what he had heard on those nights; but lying alone day after day, there came into his mind the memory of it, and by degrees he was possessed with a great longing to know more about the things of God, and to have a Bible of his own. He knew that it was from the Bible that the speakers had gathered their knowledge, and that was all. So

summing up courage, he one day consulted Granny about it. His only encouragement in that direction was an ironical laugh. "Bibles weren't in her line! What did a lad like him want with Bibles?" So the matter dropped for a time, but the lad's desire to possess one did not grow less.

One day, however, up the creaking stairs came noisy, boisterous Jack Lee, the only friend the cripple had in the world. "Hurrah! hurrah! Got a new box. Off north to-morrow! Come to say good-bye, Tom," he cried, all excitement, seating himself on the bed, and wiping the perspiration from his brow, "but I've got a real beauty present for you, my lad," taking from his pocket something wrapped in a greasy bit of brown paper.

Tom raised himself on his elbows, not at all gladdened by the news he had heard. "A bright new shilling for you, Tom. And your not to spend it till yer wants suffin real particular." "Oh, Jack you are good, but I want something now very, very particular." "Yer do? what's he?" "I want a Bible." "A Bible! well I never! Who ever heard of a poor lad spending all that on a Bible, when I had to scrape months and months to save it in coppers." "Don't be angry, dear Jack," said the crippled boy, "you're going away, and I shall be lonelier than ever, and oh, I do so want a Bible. Please get it, Jack—now—this very evening at Fisher's, before the shop closes. Granny never would; she'd spend it in gin, if I let it get into her hands." "What can yer want with a Bible, Tom? Only scholars understands them there things," he answered rather crossly. "Maybe so, Jack, but I'm hankering after one, for I must find out whether them there folks in that mission hall you and I sometimes used to go to, told true about some one they called Jesus. Let it be your parting gift, Jack, and you will make me so glad." "Very well, lad, then I'll go, but I knows nought about Bible buyin'." "Fisher has 'em at a shilling, for I saw 'em marked in the window when I used to go by. Quick, Jack, or the shop will be closed!"

Jack complied very ungraciously, and descended the stairs less rapidly than he had mounted them. But he got over his disappointment before he returned with a beautiful shilling Bible. "Fisher says I couldn't leave you a better friend, Tom,

and he declares the shillling couldn't be 'vested better; and says he, 'It may be worth a thousan' pounds to the lad.' So 'pears there's suffin as we ought to know about."

Tom's joy and gratitude were unbounded. "I know it, Jack. I know it!" hugging the book to his breast. "I'm happy now. Oh, how kind you were to save that shilling!"

The lads never met again; but if the honest errand-boy could only have known what a precious treasure that Holy Book became to his cripple friend, he would have been amply rewarded for the sacrifice he had made to save the shilling. After a month's hard reading, Cripple Tom knew more about his Bible than many who have professed to study it for twenty years. He had learned the way of salvation, his only teacher the Holy Spirit; he had learned also that *obedience to God's will meant helping to save others.*

"It won't do to keep all this blessed news to myself," he said; so he thought and thought, until at last a simple but very beautiful work was decided on for the Master. His bed stood close by the window sill, which was low, and somehow he got a pencil and paper, and wrote out different texts, which he would fold, pray over, and then drop into the noisy street below, directed—

"TO THE PASSER-BY—PLEASE READ."

He hoped that by this means someone might hear of Jesus and His salvation. This service of love, faithfully rendered, went on for some weeks, when one evening he heard a strange footstep and immediately afterwards a tall, well-dressed gentleman entered the room and took his seat by the lad's bedside.

"So you are the lad who drops texts from the window, are you?" he asked, kindly. "Yes," said Tom, brightening up. "Have yer heard as someone has got hold of one?" "Plenty, lad, plenty! Would you believe it if I told you that I picked up one last evening, and God blessed it to my soul?" "*I can believe in God's Word doing anything, sir,*" said the lad, humbly, "And I am come," said the gentleman, "to thank you personally." "Not me, sir! I only does the writin'; He does the blessin'." "And you are happy in this work for Christ?" said the visitor.

"Couldn't be happier, sir. I don't think nothin' of the pain in my back, for shan't I be glad when I sees Him, to tell Him that as soon as I know'd about Him I did all as I could to serve Him? I suppose you gets lots o' chances, don't yer, sir?"

"Ah, lad, but I have neglected them; but God helping me, I mean to begin afresh. At home in the country I have a sick boy dying. I had to come to town on pressing business. When I kissed him good-bye, he said, 'Father, I wish I had done some work for Jesus. I cannot bear to meet Him empty-handed,' and the words stuck to me all day long, and the next day too, until the evening when I was passing down this street your little paper fell on my hat, I opened it and read, '*I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work*' (John ix. 4). It seemed like a command from heaven. It startled me and brought me to my knees that night, and I could not sleep until I could sing:

"'Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me!
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

"I have professed to be a Christian for twenty-two years, my lad, and when I made inquiries and found out who dropped these texts into the street, and why it was done, it so shamed and humbled me that I determined to go home and work for the same Master that you are serving so faithfully."

Tears of joy were rolling down the lad's face.

"It's too much, sir," he said; "altogether too much."

"Tell me how you managed to get the paper to start it, my lad?"

"That warn't hard, sir. I jest had a talk with Granny, and offered to give up my ha'porth o' milk she gives me most days if she would buy me paper instead. You know, sir, I can't last long. The parish doctor says a few months of cold weather may finish me off, and a drop of milk ain't much to give up for my blessed Jesus. Are people happy as has lots to give Him, sir?"

The visitor sighed a deep sigh. "Ah, lad, you are a great deal happier in this wretched room, making sacrifices for Jesus, than thousands who profess to belong to Him, and who have time,

talents and money, and do little or nothing for Him." "They don't know Him, sir. *Knowin' is lovin', and lovin' is doin'. It ain't love without.*"

"You are right, Tom. But now about yourself. I must begin by making your life brighter. How would you like to end your days in one of these homes for cripple lads, where you would be nursed and cared for, and where you would see the trees and flowers, and hear the birds sing? I could get you into one, not far from my home, if you liked, Tom."

The weary lad looked wistfully into the man's kindly face, and after a few moments' silence answered:

"Thank'ee, sir; I've heard tell of 'em afore, but I ain't anxious to die easy when He died hard. I might get taken up with them things a bit too much, and I'd rather be a-lookin' at Him, and carryin' on this 'ere work till He come to fetch me. Plenty of joy for a boy like me to have a mansion with Him up there through eternity." The visitor felt more reproved than ever.

"Very well, my lad; then I will see that you have proper food and all the paper you need while you live. I will settle it all with one of the Bible-women. Now, before I go I want you to pray aloud for me," and, as he made the request, the strong man knelt down by the dying boy's bedside, scarcely suppressing a sob as he covered his face with his hands. The lad trembled at having to do such a thing, but when he saw that bowed form and heard that half-stifled sob, he knew he ought to comply with the request.

There was a seraphic light on the poor pale, upturned face, as he said in a tone of the deepest reverence: "Lord Jesus, I know you're a-listenin', and I'm much obliged to you for sendin' this friend here to cheer me in my work. Now, Lord Jesus, he's a bit troubled about not havin' worked for Thee enough in the past days. Will you help him to see to it that there's nothin' left undone in the comin' days, and please, Lord, make him go straight away and tell them other rich men that they don't know Thee if they aren't a-workin' for Thee. And I'm grateful to you, Jesus, for all the paper and the food that's a-comin' to me while I live. Maybe I'll hold out a bit longer to write these texts

for Thee. Now, Lord Jesus, please bless this kind friend, all roads and always. I ask this for Thy name's sake." "Amen," said the deep-toned voice.

Then the gentleman rose and said farewell. Before leaving London he made every arrangement for the lad to be cared for, and then with a gladder heart he went back to his beautiful country home and lived for Christ. As soon as he could he built a mission hall on his own grounds, and preached Jesus to the villagers. When he confessed his sin of negligence towards them, and told them of his second conversion through the cripple boy and his text, many of them were led to "seek Jesus."

News of the dying lad reached them from time to time through the Bible-woman, but it was not till winter set in, and the snow had fallen and covered the earth with its crystal whiteness, that they heard that the dear lad had "gone to be with Jesus." The same post brought a parcel which contained Tom's much-prized and much-used Bible. What a precious relic was that marked Bible in that beautiful home! For when the cripple boy's friend lent it to his youngest son to read—the careful marking, the short, simple prayers written by the cripple lad on the margin and his dying wish on the fly-leaf, written about a week before his death, that "this Holy Book may be as great a friend to some one else as it has been to me," made such a deep impression on the youth that he gave himself to the Lord, and later on to mission work in foreign fields, and out in Central Africa he has shown that worn Bible to many a native Christian when telling them about Cripple Tom and his texts.

That Christianity suffers more from its followers than from its opponents is a deplorable fact, to which Christian people are in danger of becoming reconciled. But a terrible awakening time must come, sooner or later, to those who are not "out and out" for Christ—who allow peculiar or trying circumstances to prevent or affect their entire consecration to God.

Few are wholly set apart. A large majority live, like poor Lot, on the edge of the world—miserable, impotent, and unhappy lives. Why is this? Is it because they have never really been cleansed in the precious blood of Jesus from all sin? They have taken Christ for pardon only, and not for purity. Full salvation

purchased by Him for us, means pardon, purity and power for the youngest believer. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save *His people* from their sins," (Matt. i. 1). "From *all* your filthiness, and from *all* your idols will I cleanse you," (Ezek. xxxvi. 25).